



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 18. No. 5. July, 1945.



AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB



RED CROSS RACE MEETING

TO BE HELD ON RANDWICK RACECOURSE.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25th, 1945

PROGRAMME

THE THREE-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £9 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 23rd August; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For three-year-olds at time of starting. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

One Mile.

THE HOBARTVILLE STAKES.

(For Three-Year-Olds.)

A Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 23rd August; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. For three-year-olds at time of starting. Colts and Geldings, 8st. 10lb.; Fillies, 8st. 5lb.

Seven Furlongs.

THE WARWICK STAKES.

(Weight-for-Age with Allowances.)

A Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 23rd August; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third

horse £100 from the prize. Horses which at time of starting have not won a race of the value to the winner of £750 allowed 7lb.; of £1,000, allowed 5lb. Maidens at time of starting allowed: Three-year-olds, 10lb.; four-year-olds, 14lb.; five-year-olds and upwards, 21lb.

Seven Furlongs.

THE CAMPBELLTOWN HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 23rd August; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Six Furlongs.

THE WARWICK FARM SPRING HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 23rd August; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize.

One Mile and a Half.

THE GLENLEE HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £9 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 23rd August; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. 7lb.

One Mile.

CONDITIONS.

ENTRIES.—The Entries for the above races are to be made with the Joint Hon. Secretaries at the A.J.C. Office, Sydney; the Secretaries of the V.R.C., Melbourne; Q.T.C., Brisbane; or N.J.C., Newcastle, before 3 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 13th August. The first forfeit of £1 must accompany each entry. If entries are made by telegram the amount of forfeit must also be telegraphed.

WEIGHTS.—Weights to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 20th August, or such other time as the Committee may appoint.

ACCEPTANCES.—Acceptances are due at the A.J.C. Office, Sydney, only at 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 23rd August.

Owners of horses not scratched before that time become liable for the balance of the Sweepstakes.

No race will be divided.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races (The Hobartville Stakes and the Warwick Stakes excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower-weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such race without a division; Special Weight Races excepted.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The forfeits paid for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule 50 of Racing.

In the case of horses engaged in more than one race on the same day, when such races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse if an acceptor for more than one race, shall be permitted to start in one race only. The qualification to start to be determined in the order of the races on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distance advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amount of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

Entries for any of the above Races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.



Established 14th May,
1858.

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THE sooner that "incidents" in the sporting field are not magnified the better for sporting relationships and for sport itself. This applies particularly in a period of rehabilitation of sport, and when players and spectators are unsettled by war tension.

A tendency to exaggerate minor occurrences—such as the Roper-Allen cricket fuss in England—is regrettable. This issue could have been, and should have been, settled by explanation, there and then. On the one part there was a sporting offer, and on the other a sad example of subjection to rules. When rules run counter to common-sense they become bad rules.

There is such a thing as "the spirit of the game," which cannot be reduced to writing, but which means more for the good of the game than anything set out in a book of rules.

Before the war, "the spirit of the game" had been gravely departed from. Return to the old conditions may be avoided only by fostering goodwill as we kick off again in the new era of sport.

Vol. 18—No. 5.

July, 1945.

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

JULY:

5th Dr. W. Mc.
Donnell Kelly
6th J. B. Moran
8th C. F. Horley
15th W. M. Gollan
R. C. Chapple
17th L. Mitchell
19th A. H. Stocks
21st G. F. Wilson
28th L. J. Maidment
C. B. R. Lawler
31st H. Webster

AUGUST:

1st S. J. Fox
7th A. T. Selman
8th G. Keighery
14th E. K. White
S. Biber
18th Professor J. D.
Stewart
19th A. F. Gay
20th H. H. McIntosh
25th Hon. A. Mair
26th P. H. Goldstein
30th E. Hunter Bow-
man
31st E. Sodersteen

* * *

Two of the older generations of sportsmen and club members whom illness has tied down for the present are Dick Wootton and Dr. A. Maitland Gladden. We wish them the best, which is up and about again.

* * *

Lieut.-Colonel F. O. Chilton, D.S.O., one of the commanding officers of the Seventh Division, at present chasing Japs, left Australia as a major of a N.S.W. battalion. He was promoted to the command just before the battalion entered Bardia. Lieut.-Col. Chilton is a club member and a solicitor by profession.

* * *

Congratulations to our good old friend, Alf Genge, on the attainment of his 85th year of life.

* * *

A welcome back to the club and civil life to W. S. Edwards after serving with the Royal Australian Air Force.

* * *

Death in N.Z. of J. T. Jamieson removed a trainer of the top rank and a member of this club who was popular off the course and on because of his friendly disposition and his cheerful philosophy.

* * *

On May 25 last J. R. Hardie completed his 61st year as a member of this club. He has the honor of being our oldest member in years of membership. Possibly Tattersall's Club is unique in Australia in that record.

* * *

H. G. Warburton, turf editor of "The Sun," is at this writing having a session in bed at the doctor's orders. Herbie's many friends will wish him a speedy return to the Sun-ny side.

The loss of a Prime Minister is an occasion for national sorrow. Additionally, the death of John Curtin gives cause for genuine and general grief because of the service he rendered his country and the common cause of the Allies all through the night to the dawning. No political considerations enter here. A good man has gone.

Reference in the Press as to how Acrasia's winning of the Melbourne Cup of 1904 had restored the fortunes of Humphrey Oxenham, reminded me: It was a night at sea, between Sydney and Melbourne; such a night as Shakespeare expressed in the sweet nothings exchanged between Lorenzo and Jessica. I was young—not long out of school—and so was she. As we talked she said: "I want to tell you a secret." This, I thought, should be wonderful—but all she confided was: "My daddy thinks that Acrasia should win the Melbourne Cup." The unpredictability of women again!

* * *

Revelations regarding Hitler's secret weapons, and disclosures about Japan's suicide weapons, are pointers to the diabolical part science will play in the next war—yes, the next war—unless the war potential of every invention be investigated by an international court, immediately. We have learned that when inventors talk of shooting at the moon it is not altogether moonshine. The death ray, so much discussed, is also within the bounds of possibility. And, maybe, so far, "we aint heard nuthin." All goes to prove that Campbell may have been a prophet, as well as a poet, when he wrote:

*Go, tell the sun that hides thy face,
That thou hast seen the last of
Adam's race
On this sepulchral clod!*

* * *

Personal notes about club members and information about Servicemen and Servicewomen are always welcome. Matter should be addressed to the Secretary. Let us hear from you.

Members will regret to hear of the deaths of three well-known Club members—Mr. C. A. Ashcroft, who had been a member of the Club since 26th March, 1923; Mr. F. L. Moore, a Country Member of Walgett, whose association with the Club dated back to 21st February, 1921; and Mr. T. J. Byrne, who had been a Bookmaking member since 23rd September, 1940.

* * *

I have been reading a good deal about "Test match hopes" in Rugby Union and League. This would be interesting and encouraging if there were not so many of them in that grade, according to sporting writers. If a Test team had to be chosen tomorrow, this embarrassment of riches would incline the selectors to throw up their hands in despair—perhaps. Among the boomed backs are too few straight runners, and too many forwards are shiners rather than ruckers. These tactics do not win Test matches, as every coach should know.

I am not in agreement with those who would too radically alter the rules of the Rugby Union game, ostensibly to compete with the League in "crowd pleasing"—Perhaps I am a little old-fashioned in believing that the game should not be spoiled as a game for the sake of a thrill-crazy crowd, or am I? Commonsense was spoken by the Union official who said, in effect, that the game would regain its brightness under the old rules when the bright players returned. On the other hand, certain alterations should be all to the good, and an effort might be made to convince the British Rugby Union of that fact.

* * *

In his book, "The Anatomy of Courage," Lord Moran, president of the Royal College of Physicians, defines courage as "a moral quality . . . not a chance gift of nature like an aptitude for games. It is a cold choice between two alternatives, the

fixed resolve not to quit; an act of renunciation which must be made not once but many times by will-power. . . . Some men were able to see more fully than others could that there was no decent alternative to sticking it out and to see this not in a hot moment of impulse but steadily through many months of trial. They understood on what terms life was worth while."

* * *

Evidence that the British have well and truly arrived in Germany is provided by the following "S.M. Herald" report: Plans for horse racing and regular fox hunts in Brunswick have been dropped because of the fodder shortage. A number of fine horses from Himmeler's stud near Minden will be used for racing and hunting when the fodder situation improves. The head of the Army Welfare Section (Lieutenant-Colonel Hancock), who has been a jockey club judge in England since 1929, is arranging the entertainment of British troops.

* * *

It was a Bland Holt racing drama at the Melbourne Theatre Royal. In the "big scene" the hero's horse—after a thrilling struggle—beats the villain's gee-gee in the Derby (Jim Donald wrote in "Truth"). Real racehorses and ex-jockeys were employed in the scene. The "course" was a moving floor-way worked on the treadmill system. A famous old-time jockey (with a strong-arm reputation) rode the hero's horse and usually won in a thrilling finish by a head. One night something went wrong with the machinery and at the end of a great struggle the villain's horse won by a length. Then a guttural voice roared at the beaten jockey, "Ha, ha, up to your old tricks, eh?"

* * *

"The Sun" reported that on Sept. 23, 1911, Jack Donaldson ("The Blue Streak") ran 130 yards on a grass track in Sydney in 12 seconds flat—a world record that still stands. Donaldson was remarkable because he could run 50 or 400 yards with equal ease. His world record of 6½ sec. for 65 yards, at Johannesburg, in 1910, and his 400 yards in 44 3-5 sec., at Johannesburg, in 1909, show

his versatility. Other times recorded by Donaldson were: 80 yards, 7 4-5 sec.; 100 yards, 9 3-8 sec.; 120 yards, 11¼ sec.; 150 yards, 14 sec.; 220 yards, 21 1-10 sec.; 300 yards, 29 61-64 sec.

* * *

W. T. Kerr, who timed that record, recalls that the late Jim Hackett was sitting among the spectators in line with the finish. Before the team was announced he called Mr. Kerr across and said: "What did you make it, Billy? My clock registered 12 seconds dead."

* * *

To Mr. C. M. Laskey, who traveled to India on the same ship as Lucrative, I am indebted for a very logical explanation of the failure of that horse to reproduce his form there (writes the Sporting Editor of the "S.M. Herald"). Lucrative, who won the 1940 Victoria Derby, and should have done well in India, was very knocked about on the trip, and Mr. Laskey thinks this was the foundation of his troubles, not, as jockey Neville Percival recently said, failure to acclimatise. Mr. Laskey said Lucrative was in a deck stall for eight weeks. It was so small he could not move about in it. His only attendant was the ship's carpenter. Five or six days out from Fremantle Lucrative's hocks filled badly, and his condition deteriorated rapidly. Passengers could see the horse was distressed, but were unable to do anything for him, added Mr. Laskey. All were scathing in their comments regarding the conditions under which the horse had been shipped.

* * *

THIS IS "LONDON."

In more than five years of war the B.B.C. have never gone "off the air." But the programme introduction, "This is London," has very often not been London, but Bedford, or Bristol, or Bangor—one of the Corporation's Regional stations or secret studios buried in the heart of the countryside.

Big-scale dispersal plans for the evacuation of staff were put into operation soon after the outbreak of war.

The music department went to Bristol, variety to Bangor, the military band to Glasgow.

At the same time secret "hide-outs," from which broadcasts could be made if a colossal blitz hit the country, or if it were invaded, were equipped by engineers.—With acknowledgments to "The Sunday Dispatch."

* * *

REUNION.

My latest Hitler story comes straight from Antwerp, and relates how the Fuhrer and Goering decided to escape, and disguise themselves—Hitler as an old man with a white beard and white wig, Goering as a red-headed woman. To test their disguise they visited a popular bar and ordered two glasses of beer.

"Thank you, mein Fuhrer," said the barmaid when Hitler paid her. As Goering declared that the girl merely used those words in order to be particularly polite, they decided to try again, and ordered two more glasses of beer.

This time Goering paid, and the barmaid said, "Thank you, Herr Reich-Marschall."

Very much shaken, Goering called the girl back to question her. "How on earth could you possibly see through our disguise, my dear?" he asked.

"I am Goebbels," she whispered.—With acknowledgments to Peterborough in "The Daily Telegraph."

AFFILIATED CLUBS

Century Club, Panama, U.S.A.

Denver Athletic Club, Denver, U.S.A.

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Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

Olympic Club, San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.

New York Athletic Club, 180 Central Park South, New York, U.S.A.

Terminal City Club, 837 West Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

The San Diego Club, San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

JULY MEETING

to be held at

R A N D W I C K

JULY 14th and 21st, 1945



Principal Events:

FIRST DAY, SATURDAY, 14th JULY, 1945

THE MOORE PARK HANDICAP

One Mile. £1,000 added.

THE JULY HANDICAP, £1,000 added.

One Mile and Three Furlongs.

SECOND DAY, SATURDAY, 21st JULY, 1945

THE AVOCA HANDICAP, £1,000 added.

Seven Furlongs.

THE PACIFIC HANDICAP, £1,000 added.

One Mile and a Half.



Admission tickets for the Saddling Paddock only may be purchased on the day of the Races at the Hotel Australia.

6 Bligh Street, Sydney.

GEO. T. ROWE, Secretary.

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

The Billiards and Control Council Issues Interpretations . . . World Champion Billiardist, Walter Lindrum, Plays a Shot Showing Maximum Precision in Cueing.

Do You Know Your Snooker Rules?

Colder weather always ushers in billiards and snooker activity.

This year is proving no exception to the rule, and here are one or two official rulings from the world governing body, the Billiards and Control Council, on points which frequently have players baffled.

In snooker, the striker playing after a foul shot, nominates the green ball, misses it, and strikes a red.

That shot is also "foul," as Rule 11 states: "Should the striker fail to hit the nominated ball under this rule, it is a foul stroke."

The penalty is a minimum of four points.

The rule appears quite simple, but there are anomalies—actually traps for the unwary.

In the case quoted, the green ball, in effect, became another red, and as the red was the ball ON and was struck many will argue no penalty should ensue. But the rule is clear cut.

But, supposing only two balls are left on the table—the pink and black—and the striker is snookered after a foul.

He nominates the black as a pink, makes contact with it direct, and the black then cannons on to the pink and both balls go into pockets.

That shot is fair. Striker takes six for the pink and the black ball is re-spotted.

Played the other way round if the striker, in ordinary play, struck the pink first and potted both balls, he would be penalised seven points, and both balls would be re-spotted.

The rule governing the case in each instance is logical, as will be noted after study.

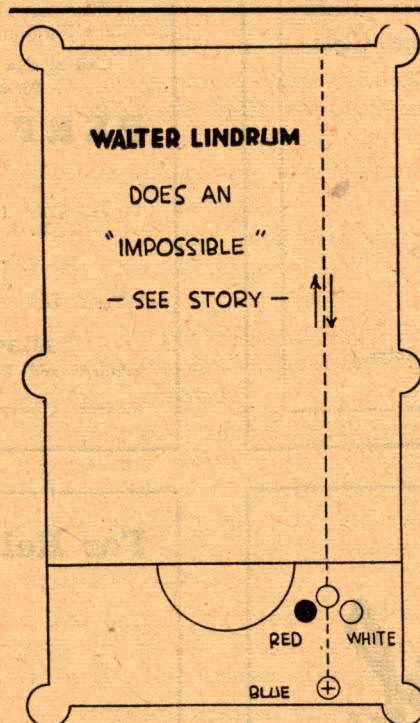
Now a word or two about the "jump" shot which, by general consensus of opinion, is barred.

Nothing of the sort.

Trouble is in the interpretation of the rule.

The B. and C.C. makes it quite clear as follows:

"There is no rule preventing a player jumping a ball to hit the ball ON, provided the stroke is properly made. Forcing the ball off the table means that a ball or balls come to rest otherwise than on the bed of the table or in a pocket."



A masterpiece of cuemanship is shown in the above diagram. Walter Lindrum places three balls together and then draws the middle one back a few inches. He then jumps the cue-ball through the opening and after rebounding from the top cushion not only make the cannon, but carries on to contact the blue ball. He calls it a "double cannon," and it is one of his main demonstration shots.

Here is another shot sometimes used but frequently avoided, because the striker is not certain of his interpretation.

"A" pots a red and then nominates the black as his colour. He merely dribbles up behind it and leaves a snooker.

A fair shot. In this case the nominated ball was not after a foul, and the "foul" ruling did not apply.

Here's another: "A" wins the toss and decides to "break" the balls.

As he gets down to play his shot he moves the yellow with, say, his shirt sleeve.

There is no penalty.

A game of snooker has not started until the first striker makes contact with the tip of his cue on the cue-ball when in the act of striking.

There is always some argument, too, as to spotting of the colours when the spot is covered by another ball.

There is only one rule. The ball should be spotted on the highest uncovered spot—the black, pink, blue, brown or green in the order named. It is well to remember also that when no official referee is in charge of a game the marker becomes "head man" automatically, and his rulings are final.

After potting a colour it is not necessary to nominate the colour ball unless requested to do so by the referee. Players, however, often do so for their own protection. There is nothing to stop this, and it is a wise course to pursue when a hair-line decision may be necessary.

This historic picture of the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the Federal Capital on March 13, 1913, is brought into the news again by current events at Canberra.

The foundation-stone is in the southern portion of the square; on the right are the N.S.W. Lancers; facing the stone are the N.S.W. Mounted Rifles; on the left are Australian Light Horse.

Behind the Lancers are the late General Sir Charles Cox ("Fighting Charlie"), who was in command of the Regiment, and Lieutenant Colonel James McMahon, who was second in command of the Lancers.

General James Macarthur Onslow was in command of the Mounted Rifles, and the late General Sir Granville Ryrie was in command of the Australian Light Horse.

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Doff the Hat to Heroes Unsung

Do you freeze these nights? If so, maybe, it agrees with you! Experiments have been made abroad and there is a school of thought which holds fires are unnecessary and "nerves" will become a thing of the past when they are eradicated.

Whatever your views may be it is a fact that in England, during recent months, a certain professor subjected himself to a point where he was almost frozen to death, and found it most enjoyable. He was sixty-six year old Sir Joseph Barcroft, world famed phychologist, who, stripped naked on the stone floor of a refrigerated chamber for 30 minutes in an endeavour to freeze his body and study the effects.

After the first lot of shivers, he later declared, he felt the strains of sleepy sickness, so often reported by people who have been lost in the snow, but then found a strange glory, or paradise, when frozen below zero.

There came a moment, he said, when his whole outlook was changed and the "nerve censorship"—actually the mind's self imposed standard of safety—lost its power.

His body relaxed and the coldness faded. In effect he basked in unexpected warmth.

Psychologists have become excited.

If, they say, we can by some means liberate ourselves from nerve censorship, we might become real supermen. Living would immediately become enriched and simplified. It is quite possible, under the circumstances, that fear and insanity would be abolished.

In effect, we would be stimulated by what are now ordeals. But, everything was not quite as simple as the foregoing.

The professor was first to admit that had he kept on with the experiment he would probably have gotten into that state of coma from which there is no return journey.

Took the Risk.

He admits he took the risk purely in the cause of science and as a means of adding to the store of general knowledge.

We must assume, giving credit where it is due, that Sir Joseph merely joined that small band of scholars who have been and are prepared to do almost anything to enrich the knowledge of their fellow man.

The professor is not by any means alone. Others have taken all manner of risks in the cause of science and the present war, in several instances, bears mute testimony to their deeds of derring do.

One of the most pungent forces in the world today is the aeroplane on which travel is considered to be almost as safe as any other mode of travel.

It did not come about that such a happy state of affairs should exist without dangerous experiment.

Two enthusiasts dared death in the clouds to test a new type of lightning conductor.

They cruised around amid crackling lightning for more than an hour. Even if they failed, they argued, science would be enriched and they were prepared to pay the supreme sacrifice if necessary.

The work of those two heroes has probably, in the current war, saved an incalculable number of lives.

Other Airmen, Too.

Other airmen, too, have run the gauntlet for their fellows. Their deeds are unheralded and unsung but they are men among men every one of them.

Test pilots have probably the worst task of all. They dive, in a new plane, two or three miles with the throttle wide open and then straighten out, IF THEY CAN!

We know that a pilot weighing 180 lbs. is forced down in his seat with 1600 lb. pressure during the pull-out. At such pressure he is in danger of his brain cells bursting. But they do it every day.

About Bleeders.

We all know folk whom the dentists refer to as bleeders. These folk will bleed copiously when hav-

ing a tooth extracted. One, Wallace Smith, of Maidenhead (Eng.) was of the clan. He had toothache but his parents would not consent to an extraction for fear of his losing his life.

At that time Smith was a minor, but as soon as he attained his majority he took the risk so that doctors could study the effect from the first point and so become more knowledgeable in the subject of haemophilia.

He subjected himself to being "exhibit No. 1" and transfusions kept him alive although he was prepared to risk death.

There are three others well known to medical science—George Richards, Frank Fielding and Maurice Walton—who through the years, in England, have been endeavouring to contract all manner of diseases so that the medical profession could study them through all stages from first symptoms to cure.

Each, so far, has managed to survive by virtue of special diets. You and I, in the years to come, perhaps, may profit by their courage.

They have been promised a pension—if they live!

Let's take off our hats to all unsung heroes of the world.

Don't Wash Your Hair WITH SOAP!



There's trouble "ahead" for men who wash their hair with soap. Ordinary soaps contain too much alkali—a harsh chemical that dries the scalp, brittles the hair and retards growth. A quick daily "work-out" with Colinated Foam Shampoo, however, gives a neat, well-groomed appearance to the most unruly hair. Colinated Foam replaces the natural oils of the scalp lost by exposure to sun, wind and water—makes hair softer, more pliable, easier to comb, and keeps it in place.

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Confusion Is Their Business

(Condensed from Tricolor—Frederick Sondern, Jr.)

Weeks before D Day in Normandy the crew of an American bomber dragged themselves out of the wreckage of their crash-landed plane and held a despondent council in a ditch nearby. They knew they were somewhere in central France, in the heart of German-held territory. Suddenly the pilot pointed. "Am I seeing things," he yelled, "or is that really an Englishman?"

A jeep bristling with machine guns and driven by an officer in British battledress was bearing down on them.

"Hello, chaps," said the apparition as the jeep came to a halt. "If you've any wounded, we'd best get them to hospital. It isn't far."

The fliers goggled with open mouths. "Oh, everything's all right," the Englishman assured them. "We're the Special Air Service—behind the German lines, you know. Glad to have you."

That was their introduction to Britain's phantom army and its most irregular regulars. From El Alamein through North Africa, Sicily, Italy and France to the German border, these men have written one of military history's most fantastic chapters. In Africa their parachutists and jeep-borne commandos struck Nazi airfields 500 miles behind Rommel's front line, destroying more German planes on the ground than the R.A.F. did in the air. They kept Axis supply lines in an almost continuous state of disorganisation. In the battle of France they did the same thing again on a much larger scale.

The designers of the invasion knew that its success depended in great measure on preventing the Germans from getting heavy reinforcements to the beachheads before our armies were securely planted there. The Tactical Air Force was to do a major part of the job by bombing key transportation points. But even under the best circumstances they could not be ex-

pected to hit as many targets as the Allied tacticians wanted knocked out simultaneously. The various French underground units were very efficient, but they lacked the unification necessary to guarantee execution of the intricate schedule of destruction and panic which must synchronise precisely with the Allied landing and advance. The hardened, experienced super-commandos of the Special Air Service—each man expert in close combat, scouting and demolition work—were the only outfit for the job. They were brought up from Italy to tackle their toughest assignment.

The first SAS parachutists began landing on French soil at night in groups of two or three long before D Day. With the help of Frenchmen these "reception committees" reconnoitered their areas to find fields where men and supplies could land, and woods and houses where they could be hidden. When ready they reported to SAS headquarters over small portable radio transmitters, and the main forces of the secret invasion began arriving.

In a few cases the SAS landing parties chanced on German patrols and had to fight for their lives. In general, however, they got down safely with their equipment, also dropped by chute, which included jeeps, folding motor cycles, machine guns and other types of light ordnance.

Each party moved frequently, to avoid betrayal by the sympathetic but incautious population. The men rarely used tents but slept in bags on the ground around well-dispersed jeeps, encircled by outposts on guard. Everyone had a tommy gun within reach day and night.

According to plan, D Day found the main SAS forces astride the German communication lines from the Cherbourg peninsula to the east and south. Each party—ranging in size from five or six to 20 or 30—had been exhaustively briefed on railroad, power and telephone key points and the other installations it was to destroy.

One operations report, typical of hundreds which flowed into SAS headquarters and were transmitted to SHAEF, told the Allied generals what German resistance they might expect. "Made reconnaissance on—line between kilometers 90 and 92. At 22 hours neutralised guards at kilometers 90 and placed bombs on both tracks. At 2212 hours westbound troop train derailed by explosion. Cut telephone and signal wires. At 2225 hours eastbound train derailed. Withdrew."

Besides demolitions, SAS did other jobs. One was guiding the Tactical Air Force. After TAF bombers hit at a railroad bottleneck one day, an underground scout working for SAS went to assess the damage. "How long will it take you to fix that?" he asked a workman. The burly Frenchman looked long and carefully at the questioner. "Not very long," he replied finally. "But half a mile farther up, where the signal box and switches are, the bombs could have made a

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5

McMahon's FOR HAIR AND SCALP

real mess." Shortly thereafter the TAF dropped a stick of bombs in the right place.

The German Paris command, in a desperate attempt to stamp out the invisible army, unleashed the Gestapo and the so-called French Militia—auxiliary police recruited from felons and dregs of the population—on a furious reign of terror. Throughout Normandy people remotely suspected of helping were rounded up by hundreds, tortured for information and shot. But despite all measures, the SAS and their helpers continued striking.

One of the exploits of Sergeant Chalky is considered only mildly unusual among the regiment's veterans. In the Morvan district of central France a unit of German soldiers had just been drawn up at attention in the village square, when around a blind corner tore a jeep containing two British soldiers. It slithered to a halt and before the Germans knew what had happened, one of the men was running straight at them with a Bren gun blazing. The Germans broke for cover, but not before Sergeant Chalky had littered the street with grey-clad bodies. Then he and the jeep disappeared around the corner. He had been instructed to join a larger party in an attack on these Germans, but when the others failed to show up, he had decided to do it himself.

On another occasion a group of 50 encamped in a wood was informed by a Maquis agent that the Gestapo had learned of their hiding-place. That night 200 German SS troops were to close in from one side and 300 French Militia from the other. "The Englishmen should withdraw at once," the Maquis said. "Not at all!" replied the commanding officer.

The SS and Militia men attacked at dusk and walked into a withering hail of bullets. The undergrowth and ditches were alive with machine gunners. For hours the stalking and shooting went on, until a German officer discovered that the battle was being waged exclusively by the SS and Militia. The SAS had long since withdrawn and were busily raising hell among nearby supply dumps that had been stripped of their guards. German prisoners and captured documents have since revealed the extent of the confusion caused by this campaign of disruption.

A German airfield 500 miles behind Rommel's front line was bowled over one night by a squadron of wild men in jeeps who blew up its planes and levelled its installations in a half-hour flat, and vanished into the desert whence they came. Remote secret German supply dumps in the desert were located and de-

stroyed. Axis operations along the coastal road were constantly interrupted and convoys waylaid and annihilated. The Luftwaffe lost 300 planes in a few months by SAS forays, and was weakened just when Rommel needed it most for the push into Egypt.

A favourite story of the SAS involves the dashboard of a Messerschmitt 109 which came from the 40th plane the Colonel himself destroyed in a single night's raid on a German airfield. He had planted his last bomb on the 39th. When he got to the 40th—by that time the Germans were really shooting—he climbed into the Messerschmitt, and with the titanic strength he displays in such berserk moods, tore the dashboard out with his bare hands and waved it triumphantly over his head as he retired in a jeep.

When Cherbourg fell, SAS men moved northward and eastward to help prepare the way for the drives of Montgomery and Patton. On the Paris-Amiens line alone—the vitally important main line from Paris to the coast—they wrecked almost 50 trains, blew a dozen bridges and totally disrupted communications.

Montgomery, who had thanked them officially in North Africa, thanked them again after the Battle of France even more enthusiastically. And they may in the future be thanked yet again.



Going Grey?

Sydney Hairdresser reveals simple home remedy to darken grey hair

Mr. Len. Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add a box of ORLEX COMPOUND and a little perfume. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

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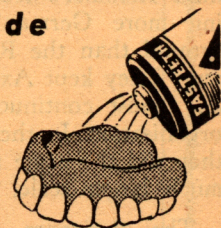


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RURAL MEMBERS

George Ryder of Cessnock.

G. E. ("George") Ryder, of Cessnock, is surely one of the most virile of our members.

At a very early age he appeared to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion, and his brain and frame have stood up to every test in remarkable manner.

Known as the "King of the Game" in Cessnock, there is not a sporting activity in which George is not connected or, perhaps, having a big say in control.

He plays golf from a single figure handicap; was captain of the famous Rovers tennis team which, a few years back, won the Country Championship, and has had a big finger in the pie fostering Rugby League football in Cessnock and the Coalfields generally.

But, all attention is not concentrated on sport. Far from it. As a businessier, George Ryder looms large in any company.

He owns the biggest fleet of motor buses in the State; has many interests in liquor industry, and owns enough land to start a suburb or two of his own.

It is far from being a remote possibility that, in future years, we will be posting letters to someone living at Ryderville.

Latest move, as we all know, has been accession to the treasurership of Sydney Turf Club, with which so many of our members are closely connected.

What George Ryder does in his spare time would make interesting research. We'll try and find out and let you know.

R. J. "Bob" Garrett of Coff's Harbour.

Bob Garrett, now of Coff's Harbour, migrated into business life from Christian Brothers' College, Waverley, where he made a name for himself both as a scholar and Rugby Union footballer.

Possessed of a fair share of "toe," Bob knew what to do with the ball and also the shortest cuts to the try-line.

His school pals lost sight of him for a long period, but all of a sudden Bob bobbed up as a boniface at Parramatta, where he resided for many years, and enjoyed much and deserved popularity.

It was while Bob was at Parramatta he got the idea that horses are the most noble of animals and, with friends, had a string of flighty prads operating on metropolitan courses.

The venture was quite a success.

These days our member is stationed at the famous North Coast venue named above, and, from all accounts, his main objective each day is to best his pal, Dr. Hawke, in a round of golf on the local links. It seems to agree with him, as has been noted during his frequent visits to Sydney, when he always spends at least a modicum of time among friends in our club. Incidentally,

those trips are not without just cause and reason. Bob still retains a keen interest in the "Sport of Kings," and to rub shoulders with him any time and anywhere can have but one result—in making the day still more pleasureable.

Study of a woman from "For Love Alone," by Christina Stead, Australian authoress:

"A woman is a hunter without a forest. There is a short open season and a long closed season, then she must have a gun-licence, signed and sealed by the State. There are game laws; she is a poacher, and in the closed season she must poach to live. . . . A woman is obliged to produce her full quota on a little frontage of time; a man goes at it leisurely, and he has allotments in other counties, too. Yes, we're pressed for time. We haven't time to get educated, have a career, for the crop must be produced before it's autumn. . . . Girls are northern summers, three months long; men are tropical summers. . . ."

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The Sky Train—A Forecast

(By Sir Miles Thomas.)

While the Allies carry on with their talks on the future of civil aviation, the technical advancement in aeronautics is making startling progress.

Development in glider technique, jet propulsion and rocket projection individually may seem unrelated; but in co-ordinated effect they will play a profound part in the advancement of post-war air travel. Even the flying bomb may contribute something.

Take a look at London Airport in 194—. Emerging from the escalator of the underground railway that has carried them from the City centre, passengers hear a loud-speaker announcing that: "The European Sky Express leaves from Runway Six. Passengers for Paris take the white coach, please; those for Rome in the red; through passengers for Cairo and Karachi take the blue coach."

Silent, electrically-driven airport coaches slip out of the assembly hall, down concrete tracks to where an air-liner with two gliders in tow stands waiting. Each coach makes for its appropriately coloured machine.

The air train moves off, and gathers speed as the pilot opens the throttles of his main engines. Suddenly twin jets of straw-coloured flame spurt out from under the wings. The whole sky-train accelerates swiftly, and almost immediately becomes airborne under the extra impulse of its rocket ejectors.

Until the pilot reaches scheduled air-lane height the jets are kept burning, but they are shut off for level cruising. Airscrews, in coarse pitch, driven by the normal piston type engines, ensure maximum economy; most miles per gallon, least pence per mile.

Guided by Radar, held on course through cloud or fog, and kept rigorously clear of other air traffic, the sky-train is handed on from one ground control station to another along the route. The skipper of the aerial convoy keeps contact with his

glider pilots over the tow-line intercom. telephone.

Approaching Paris Airport and permission to land being given, "Slip," says the skipper to the pilot in the white Paris glider.

The glider dips smoothly towards the airfield; by the time it has landed and been towed by tractor to Disembarkation, the big blue air-liner, with its remaining glider in tow, is out of sight 25 miles farther on its way.

At Rome the remaining red glider is cast off, and the air-liner, moving faster now, wings its way on to Cairo, first fuel stop and main junction.

Such is the technique of air travel that will result from the ability to cast off gliders. Even more dramatic is the ability to pick up gliders. Developments in this direction are already showing much promise.

Facing upwind, the glider has its tow-rope extended forward in a large loop over two light supporting posts. Swooping over it, the air liner hooks its tow-rope into the loop. The initial overload causes the tow-rope from the liner to pay out against the resistance of a friction winch. Smoothly the glider accelerates from rest.

Just as the strain on the tow-rope reaches peak, the engineer turns on his rocket jets. Again the twin tongues of white-hot gases flare out. The extra urge hauls the added load into the sky and up to operational height. Then the normal engines take over again. At subsequent stages other local gliders are picked up in the same way until full load is reached.

This is the shape of air-trains to come—made possible by a technique now in its infancy. Maybe each glider "Pullman" will have its own auxiliary rocket or jet-propulsion unit in the tail to be used in an emergency; to correct an under-shot landing or to give added margins of acceleration from rest.

The possibilities are fascinating;

the saving in time and fuel by eliminating intermediate landings of the parent air-liner is extremely important in cutting costs.

It is the enormous extra power which becomes instantly available that makes potential jet development so attractive. It has been recognised for years that once in the air a machine can carry a greater load than it can take off the ground. High wing-loadings of aircraft mean high speed when aloft, but poor take-off performance. Rocket-discharge catapults to assist take-off are not new experimentally, but the developments in fuels, slow-burning "explosives," and the utilisation of liquid gases, that the war has accelerated, open wide new vistas.

Jet engines as yet known are too greedy for long-distance commercial operation alone, even though they burn low-grade fuel. But for short bursts of extra power the system has obviously much attraction.

It represents a mean between the more complex but more efficient rotary-turbine Whittle system, now well known in Britain, and the direct rocket discharge used on some German fighters.

(Condensed from "The Daily Mail.")

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PERPETUAL MOTION ONCE DECLARED ACTUAL FACT

The general consensus of opinion, backed by modern science, declares that perpetual motion is just a fantastic dream.

Despite that there are certain well-authenticated records concerning a gentleman named Orffyreus that, at one time, perpetual motion was, apparently, an established fact.

Orffyreus was born in Saxony over 250 years ago, and his life study was on mechanics, as applied to wheels.

He made them and exhibited them, but always had the mechanisms concealed.

These wheels, he said, revolved of their own volition and maintained their revolution. In other words—perpetual motion.

The first exhibition was at Gera in 1712. The wheels not only main-

tained motion, but actually gained speed.

The contraption was capable of raising weights without any apparent external assistance.

Two years later Orffyreus made his masterpiece—a wheel six feet in diameter. He was jeered freely and referred to as a crank, but he was unabashed, and submitted his invention to a select committee, one of whom was Sir Isaac Newton.

That august body certified that it functioned continuously without external aid.

A still more official test took place in 1717.

On November 12 the wheel was sealed in a room under the strictest of test conditions, and the seals were not broken until November 26.

When officials entered the wheels

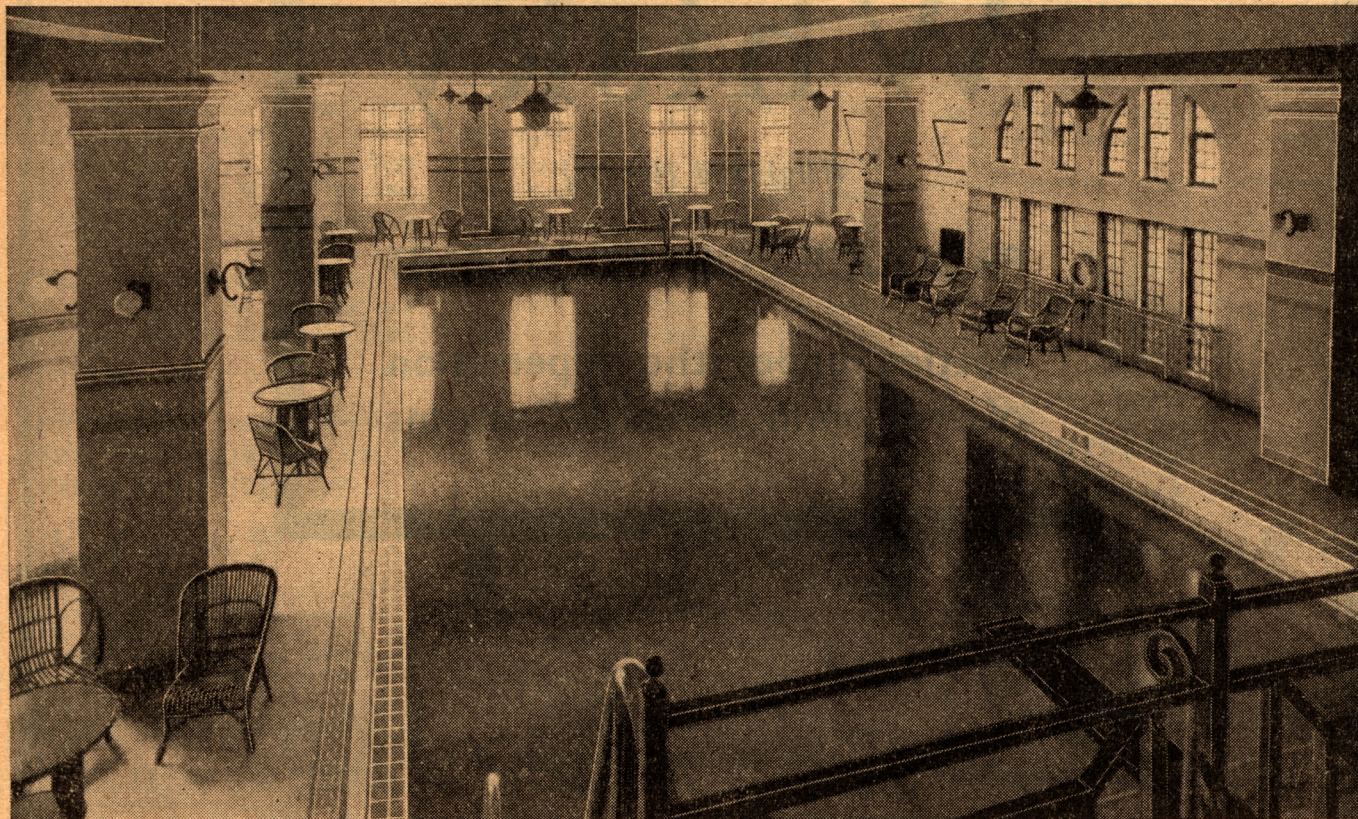
were still revolving. Perpetual motion, they agreed, definitely existed.

Bigoted scepticism is blamed for moderns knowing so little about the Orffyreus find.

Enraged by what he called unfair criticism, Orffyreus smashed his wheel as a protest against those who mocked him.

His secret died with him when he passed away, and the apparent certainty of 1717 has become the impossible of 1945. But has it? There's the lady whose ticket in the lottery was one off first prize, and since when her tongue is alleged to have been affixed to an Orffyreus wheel!

In London, Liddell Hart said to Bernard Shaw: "Do you realise that 'sumac' and 'sugar' are the only two words in the English language that begin with 's-u' and are pronounced 'shu'?" "Sure," said Shaw.



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Big Brains and Small Hats

(By Prof. A. M. Low, condensed from "Science Looks Ahead.")

WHEN WE REACH maturity our bodies cease to grow. The length of our arms, the size of our feet, and other parts, remain the same for the rest of our lives. But sometimes there are interesting instances of heads continuing to grow.

The most often quoted cases are those of W. E. Gladstone, whose head is said to have grown an inch during the period he was Prime Minister, and Mr. Lloyd George, who, during the 1914-18 war period, bore responsibility and engaged in activity that would have been sufficient for half a dozen men in normal times. Photographs appear to show a change in the shape of his head.

But undoubtedly the most remarkable instance of a head increasing in size after maturity has been provided by Sir Flinders Petrie, the distinguished Egyptian anthropologist.

The measurements of this great scientist's head necessitated a steady increase in the size of his hats from $6\frac{1}{2}$ at twenty-one to $7\frac{1}{2}$ at fifty; after this age his hats had to be specially made.

Most people assume that there is some relationship between the size of the brain and the size of the head,

in spite of Oliver Wendell Holmes' remark that the appearance of a man's head was no more indication of his mind than the appearance of a safe was of the money it contained.

With few exceptions, the size of the head does indicate the size of the brain. What is often overlooked is that the size of the brain itself is no indication of its capacity.

The brain of the average man is about 48 ounces, and that of the average woman about 4 ounces less. It is therefore true that men have more brains than women, but this is not necessarily the same as saying that they have more ability or better memories.

The simple fact seems to be that, on an average, the weight of the brain has some relationship to the weight of the body, and that the difference in weight between the brains of men and women means little more than that men are bigger than women.

When we come to the brains of distinguished people, we find some amazing facts. For instance: Whitman, the American poet, who certainly possessed a remarkable intellect, had less brains than the average; while the Russian novelist Turgeneff, who would receive few votes in a ballot for the world's greatest genius, had one of the heaviest brains ever weighed.

For every instance that is produced of a great man who wore a large hat, another can be produced of a great man who wore one smaller than the average. But, in general, it seems that men with heads above average size are more intelligent than those with heads below average.

A professor of anthropology said not long ago that he had found the head measurements of the best students in a class generally exceeded the head measurements of the worst students.

The consolation for the man with a very small head is that he is probably the exception that proves the rule.

One of the most interesting questions raised by the measurement of heads is whether the heads of civilised men generally are becoming larger. Not long ago the trade association in Britain decided to increase the measurement of standard sizes of hats in Britain by five-eighths of an inch. The decision was made as the result of an increasing demand for larger sizes.

Some scientists have taken the view that this is the result of greater education and a general improvement of the intellect.

They suggest that the man of the future will need an immense head to contain the large brain he will have as the result of increased mental activity.

Hatters report that whereas 30 years ago the greatest demand was for sizes just below 7, to-day it is for sizes above 7.

But bearing in mind the doubts about the relationship between the size of the brain and its activity, it is as well to seek other possible

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reasons. For one thing skulls are believed to be slightly thinner than in ancient times.

Measurements made by a distinguished anthropologist suggest that the tendency is for Britons' heads to become higher. The measurement from the ear to the top of the head is increasing.

This might well explain the larger hat which the modern man demands, and this explanation is borne out by an examination of old photographs. The tendency of late has been to wear hats lower on the head. Whereas our grandfathers perched their hats on their heads, we bring them well down to the point where they encircle the average head at its maximum measurement.

Our "swollen heads" as indicated by our hats, which have caused a certain amount of excitement, therefore, may be nothing but a matter of fashion.

Sir Arthur Keith, who has probably measured more skulls than any other living man, has said that the difference in the size of the brains of modern and ancient man is negligible and that modern man could double the activity of his brain without any necessity of increasing its size.

ENGLISH RACING

After watching last season's English racing whenever he could wangle leave, an R.A.A.F. chap who knows his horses is back with decided views about it. For one thing, he thinks that Australians, used to a clear view all the way on practically all tracks, wouldn't attend meetings where the horses either gallop towards you all the way for a straight mile or else do not come into sight until they turn into the straight.

English race riding didn't impress him, either. The fact that Gordon Richards had won the jockeys' premiership no fewer than 17 times in the past 19 years he attributes largely to the prestige which gives Richards the cream of the mounts. The riding generally the visitor found not so

much poor as different. As he saw it, riding judgment did not ever appear anything like as important as the stamina of the horse.

The foregoing has a bearing on another of the visitor's findings—that it's the horses that win the races in England, and as for these he holds them beyond praise. Most events as run are sheer tests of stamina, the distance events particularly severe. They have to be able to go flat out from the start and still have enough left to finish with. The course on which the war-time Derbies are run includes a finish over a straight mile, much of it uphill—almost as severe a test as the old jumping course at Randwick.

"There's no doubt," the visitor declares emphatically, "they have the horses!" Hence, he believes, the superiority of English breeding. To win the top classics the horse itself has to be good, without benefit of jockeyship fluking a win. Only the very best in horseflesh can come through the testing with colors flying, and it's from these best that they breed 'em. He rates Tehran the best of the present ones.—The "Bulletin."

It appears to be not so much the brain as a whole but the "grey matter" that counts.

There is no way of measuring the amount of this grey matter during life, except by a man's actions, writings and speech. The man with a small hat may still have more grey matter than his $7\frac{1}{2}$ size colleague.

RACING FIXTURES—1945

JULY.

Rosehill	Saturday, 7th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 14th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 21st
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 28th

AUGUST.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 4th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 11th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 18th
Red Cross Meeting (Randwick),	Saturday, 25th

SEPTEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 1st
Tattersall's	Saturday, 8th
Rosehill	Saturday, 15th
Hawkesbury	Saturday, 22nd
A.J.C.	Saturday, 29th

OCTOBER.

A.J.C.	Saturday, 6th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 13th
City Tattersall's	Saturday, 20th
Rosebery	Saturday, 27th

NOVEMBER.

Rosehill	Saturday, 3rd
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 10th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 17th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 24th

DECEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 1st
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 8th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 15th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 22nd
A.J.C.	Wednesday, 26th
Tattersall's	Saturday, 29th

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MARTIN PLACE

THE story of Martin Place, the "financial heart" of Sydney, unlike that of the older George and Pitt Streets, does not carry us very far back into this city's history. It is a story closely linked with that of the General Post Office and emerged into notice when Mrs. Esther Hughes, a property owner in the city of Sydney, was requested in the early 1870's by the Government of the day to sell a strip of land, 16 feet wide, running from George to Pitt Streets, hard by the fine new General Post Office, for the purpose of permitting a passage-way through.

Mrs. Hughes refused the Government's original proposition and forced a compromise whereby the Government gave up 16 feet of their land in addition, thus making the laneway 32 feet in width.

Later, however, Mrs. Hughes agreed to sell another 43 feet of land to the Government and so the scene was set for the street of the future—Martin Place, the heart of a great city.

In 1889, Mr. O'Connor, Postmaster-General in the Parkes Ministry, introduced into Parliament the General Post Office Approaches Improvement Act which authorised the resumption of certain portions of land between George and Pitt Streets for the purpose of improving the approaches to the General Post Office. It was decided that when the widening and design of what had hitherto been known as Post Office Street had been completed, the new thoroughfare would be named in honour of the late Chief Justice of New South Wales—Sir James Martin.

Sir Henry Parkes warmly applauded this decision and expressed his opinion that no better or more honourable name could be chosen.

Thus was Martin Place born and named in honour of a great citizen and pioneer.

Sir James Martin was born in 1820 and spent the greater part of his life in New South Wales. In 1840 he was articled to G. R. Nicholls, a prominent lawyer connected with the "Australian" and, five years later, was admitted to the bar.

Four years later, Martin, seeking Parliamentary honours, and then only 29 years of age, was returned unopposed for the Cook and Westmoreland seat in the Legislative Council from which position he rose to the rank of Attorney-General in the Cowper Ministry of 1856. He became Premier seven years later, and in November 1873 was appointed to the honourable position of Chief Justice of N.S.W.

A great career closed in 1886 when Sir James Martin died after a life devoted to the service of his country and her people.

In the earlier stages of its existence Martin Place lay between George and Pitt Streets only. From Pitt Street through to Castlereagh Street ran a narrow laneway, originally named Foxlow Place.

It is hard to imagine, on viewing that part of Martin Place to-day which extends from Pitt to Castlereagh Streets that it once, according to recorded reminiscences, contained one row of four or five houses on the north side whilst the south housed the blank wall of Mr. Starkey's Ginger Beer factory. It is said that the cottages in Foxlow Place, like those in the adjacent Hosking Place, were occupied mostly by members of the theatrical profession whilst on the site of one of the palatial buildings of the present Martin Place there once blossomed a garden with flowers and fruit trees which small boys delighted to rob.

In 1890 there occurred one of those events, common to history which, though disastrous at the time, was actually to prove of considerable advantage and a blessing to the design of the city. Thus the great fire of 1890 which broke out in the premises of Gibbs, Shallard and Co. in Hosking Place, and which laid waste the buildings between Castlereagh and Pitt Streets, paved the way to the widening and improving of the thoroughfare, for by an Act submitted to Parliament in 1890 the City Council was empowered to resume land necessary for lengthening Martin Place to Castlereagh Street.

The new street was named Moore Street in honour of one of Sydney's Mayors, but in later years the name Martin Place came to be used to designate the whole area from George Street to Castlereagh Street.

For over 30 years Martin Place ended at Castlereagh Street but in 1926 certain resumptions were made which later provided an extension to Macquarie Street, and so, one hundred feet wide the roadway now runs through the heart of the city.

And so through the changes of the years we have the Martin Place of to-day—the heart and soul of a great metropolis. For Martin Place has gradually grown into the forum—the accepted gathering place—of Sydney's citizens. It has heard the light-hearted gaiety of carnival crowds, the oratory of politics and patriotism, the rhythmic tramp of martial feet. . . .

Fronting either side of Martin Place are some of the finest buildings in the city, Head Offices of many leading Banking and Insurance institutions of the State. Well may it be termed the financial centre of the city—and well may it be termed the city's heart. For at its lower end, fronting the granite colonnade of the General Post Office, the citizens of Sydney have placed their most sacred memorial—"To Our Glorious Dead—Lest 'We Forget'."

And so from the narrow pedestrian laneway which gave a second frontage to our General Post Office and later to the broad roadway sweeping through the centre of our city has come the street which is the accepted gathering-place of Sydney's citizens and the site of our most hallowed shrine dedicated to the valiant and brave. In the name of the street, well-earned tribute and honour is paid also to a great citizen and Empire builder—the one-time Chief Justice of New South Wales—Sir James Martin.



Sir James Martin.

THE RURAL BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES